

Prin. How shall we part with them in setting forth?

Po. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to faile; & then will they adventure vpon the exploit themseues, which they shall haue no sooner atchieued, but weeleset vpon the.

Prin. Yea, but tis like that they will know vs by our horses, by our habits, and by euery other appointment, to be our selues.

Po. Tut, our horses they shal not see, ile tie the in the wood, our vizard we wil change, after we leaue them: & sirra, I haue cases of buckorum for the nonce, to immaske our noted outward garments.

Prin. Yea, but I doubt they will be too hard for vs.

Po. Wel, for two of them I know to be as true bred cowards as euer turnd back: and for the third, if he fight longer then he sees reason, ile forswear armes. The vertue of this iest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this fat rogue will tell vs when we meete at supper, how thirty at least he fought with, what wards, what blowes, what extremities he indured, and in the reproofe of these lies the iest.

Prin. Wel, He goe with thee, prouide vs al things necessary, and meete me to morrow night in Eastcheape, there ile suppe farewell.

Poy. Farewell my Lord. *Exit Poynes.*

Prince. I know you all, and will a while vphold

The vnyokt humor of your idlenesse
Yet heerein will I immitate the Sunne,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother vp his beauty from the world,
That when he please againe to be himselfe,
Being wanted, he may be more wonderd at
By breaking through the foule and vgly mists
Of vapours that did seeme to strangle him.
If all the yeare were playing holy daies,
To sport would be as tedious as to worke;
But when they seldome come, they wisht for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents:
So when this loose behauiour I throw off,
And pay the debt I neuer promised,

By

By how much better then my word I am,
By so much shall I falsifie mens hopes,
And like bright mettrall on a fullin ground,
My reformation glittering or'e my fault,
Shall shew more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Then that which hath no soile to set it off.
Ile so offend, to make offence a skill,
Redeeming time, when men thinke least I will. *Exit.*

*Enter the King, Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspur,
Sir Walter Blunt, with others.*

King. My blood hath beene too cold and temperate,
Vnap't to stirre at these indignities,
And you haue found me; for accordingly,
You tread vpon my patience: but be sure
I will from henceforth rather be my selfe,
Mighty, and to be feard, then my condition
Which hath beene smooth as oyle; soft as yong downe,
And therefore lost that Title of respect,
Which the proud soule ne're payes but to the proud.

Wor. Our house (my soueraigne Liege) little deserues
The scourge of greatnesse to be vsed on it,
And that same greatnesse too, which our owne hands
Haue holpe to make so portly. *Nor.* My Lord,

King. Worcester get thee gone, for I do see
Danger and disobedience in thine eye,
O sir your presence is too bold and peremptory.
And Maiestie might neuer yet endure
The moody frontier of a seruants brow,
You haue good leaue to leaue vs: when we need
Your vse and counsell, we shall send for you. *Exit Wor.*
You were about to speake.

North. Yea my good Lord.
Those prisoners in your highnes name demanded,
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon tooke,
Where as he sayes, not with such strength denide,
As he deliuered to your Maiestie.
Either enuy therefore, or misprision
Is guilty of this fault, and not my sonne.

B 2

Hot.